

The Girl

On my windowsill
tomatoes redden. But, oh!
frost on my garden.

The Woman

Frost on my garden --
But, oh! Tomatoes redden
on the windowsill.

Two Haiku

A packet of seeds:
flowers, and herbs for the soup --
I have no garden.

The fields lie trampled,
her man fights at the border --
she plants a peach stone.

-- Herta Rosenblatt

Peapack, New Jersey

Images

- I: The mind is a pool
Into which the universe
Speakes an alien tongue.
- II: Man seeking truth in
The forest is only one
Of the symbols there.
- III: The voice of wisdom
Is the inner conscience which
Often is silence.
- IV: Tears are beautiful
Only in the aura of
Yesterday's laughter.
- V: Memory shuttles
The camera in reverse
To the days of youth.

-- Clarence Alva Powell

Detroit, Michigan

